

1923

Yokema, Washington  
March 17, 1923.

My dear Florence Anne -

You most certainly sound like a busy woman. I wish you'd get an A in teaching. Why shouldn't you? According to Mrs Pratt, that's the kind of a teacher you are. Wouldn't it have been a catastrophe if you hadn't gotten into Home Equipment? Do they let kids graduate without it? I can't imagine any body leaving without it.

Your birthday party sounds nice. That's more of a celebration than I had this year. I am sorry your compact was broken up. I thought I had it pretty well protected. I s'pose it will use up lots faster this way. I wish my new dress were done like yours. What about living? Did

Miss Patchini make you like it? Most of the dresses  
in the shops here seem to be unlined + thin as you say  
they are worn with slips. I'd like a pongee princess  
slip. When I get to China I am going to buy it by  
the bolt. Mother C. brot me satin for my dress when  
she came back from Seattle. I'll enclose a scrap.  
I don't know what you'd call it. a greenish tan  
I guess. It is to have a panel of flats down the  
middle of the front and back - I padded up Susie  
the other day and have to giggle every time I look  
at her fat stomach. She's a big help I can tell you  
My sewing does not go very fast. I don't seem  
to have much pep + get clumsier and more  
awkward every day. Another thing, I don't sleep  
very well, for Billie kicks a lot and besides that  
the Automobiles get on my nerves. I'll be glad to get  
away from this part of town.

Doug and I are having lots of fun house hunting  
We take a spasm at it most every afternoon. It  
combines well with my daily exercise and sunshine.  
We are getting well acquainted with the inside of  
a lot of these apartment houses. I don't like any of  
them so far. either the furniture looks like it was  
ordered from Sears + Roebuck, or they are too little  
or cost too much. One place we liked yesterday  
was an upstairs with good sized sleeping porch  
and a real kitchen. We didn't get their price on  
it and are going back today to investigate further.  
There are lots of things about it that I like. Somehow  
I can't imagine feeling at home in an apartment house  
and I believe mother + I could make a real home  
out of this place.

Sunday night.

Well, we cracked the Sabbath and went home

hunting and at least we have  
settled our fate for the present. We  
found a place, top story in a big  
house. four rooms for twenty six  
dollars. They are sort of on the order  
of a doll's house and will most  
likely be hot in summer but they'll  
do very nicely for a month or so  
till we see how Doug's & Sally's pocket  
books stand the strain of keeping house.  
We feel like it will be fine to have  
even that much space to spread our  
selves in, and it certainly is a lot  
more room than the folks are getting  
in Mpls for the same amount of money.  
There is one good sized bedroom, a ~~kitchen~~  
dining room, & living room with sanitary  
cot and every room has a big closet  
that's a big inducement. cause we have

all got such a lot of junk - we have  
to share the bath room at the foot of the  
stairs with two nurses who live below  
but they are never home <sup>except</sup> nights - There's  
a small sized hospital across the street  
and Sally may find that handy if she  
should get an opening there - It's in  
the nice part of town near the river  
and we'll all like to have it within  
a half mile or so. We also can see the  
hills very plainly from there.

I'll be glad to be running my own  
kitchen. My mother does a lot of  
things differently from my ideas and  
know I get on her nerves too.  
Of course I don't do everything like my  
own mother either but we are more  
like naturally.

I have had this round robin air awfully

long time - I am going to send your letter with it

I haven't tried my gingham dress lately I imagine that by letting but its elastic it would still go around us cause its made like my brown cape and I am living in it at present afternoons & evenings - I even made a speech at the missionary society in it last Friday - but that's my last public appearance!! My mother in law dragged me into this or I shouldn't have been here. These women make a big splash over us cause we are their missionary living link - and we will sort of belong to them.

Well, its after ten o'clock and I must get some sleep -

I love you  
Grace



The Doll's House.

May 21, 1923.

Dear Florence Anne.

I had the Round Robin ready to go this morning but I decided I wanted to put in a private epistle too. Your last letter to Sally made me sound like an awful sniver and I reckon I must be - but it isn't cause I don't love you and think about you & talk about you a lot. I just can't seem to write letters, not even to my brothers. I sit about a yard away from the table and make a rainbow out of my back which soon arches. Then Bill wriggles & kicks and I have to get up and walk around every five minutes or so. Seems as tho I owe everybody in the world a letter but I'll just have to let them go till next month when my nervous system is itself again. I was very much interested in the

way you eliminated your school teacher jobs. I believe I should have done it the same way. There is nothing at all interesting about Hector and I can easily see how you turned it down. Wells sounds like the kind of a place where you have good times and a nice type of kids to work with. How large a town is it and what is your supe like?

You beat us heading a gross hawk. I had given them up in Yukonia, but yesterday we found lots of them. We took fellows + magazines and a lunch and stayed down by the river most all day. And as we camped under the shady trees we had a regular serenade of gross hawks + wrens + warblers and even hot whistles came real near. They are thick here + are well protected by game laws. Also pheasants - we could hear the bold rooster pheasants crowing on all sides of us sounding just like little baby roosters learning to crow. They certainly are gorgeous things to look at.

Another interesting thing we have done lately was to drive down to Every side Dam and see the salmon try to jump the dam. I guess I gave you a pretty good idea of it in the other letter. So many new things happen out here some how. We have all sorts of fun just going for walks down side streets + alleys and watching folks gardens grow. The roses are wonderful now. My! but your mother would have fun making garden out here. Every body has their row of roses and they dont seem to take much care except spring pruning + of course irrigation. Then there are all kinds of ramblers + Rosa Rugosa and lots of other big bushy types I dont know. And when I came about them Douglass says: "If you think these are grand you ought to see them in Portland" - Hope I get a chance to sometime.

We have most all our baby things ready. I have been sewing on a little albino lioness this last week, binding it with blue vana type - It is lots of fun - I always did enjoy sewing on wool. I got money from the U. of M for my partial liberty bond this morning. \$5.75! I think I'll blow it into one real swell woolen blanket. I had been hoping the Ladies Aid would come forth with some of my bedding but I guess they are mostly talk.

Sally has most everything ready to stridge & Doug is fixing blocks to elevate the bed today. Reckon they are going to have lots of fun out of this party - Doug thinks it may come off pretty soon now so look out for a stork card in the mail.

This sheet is equal in effort to three I might have written last summer so please magnify it thrusly.

I love you  
grace.



Yakima - Washington  
June 22, 1923.

My dear & lovely Anne -

I wish I might  
be there to see you graduate. Doesn't  
seem very many days since I was  
doing it. We are sending you a  
sweet graduation gift in the shape  
of some cherries as soon as the best  
ones are on the market. That ought  
to be next week sometime - Hope  
they reach you in good condition.

I didn't mean to bowl you out  
about your swimming. I was just  
trying to help you look at it in a  
different way -

Your boat trip sounds enchanting.  
That's some thing I missed. Sounds

like fun when you could go with a bunch of girls! Everybody had to have a man when I was there and I never felt like accepting the last minute bids I declined.

No - I am not very peppy as yet and I get decidedly discouraged some days - I just get up and enjoy walking around a half day or so and then I get a headache & flow too much and the kids put me in bed again - Seems as tho I had been there a million years - And because I feel so punk I fall down on my milk supply. I have enough mornings but in the Afternoon and evening I am not much good as a cow and Phyllis fusses and acts hungry and we either have to fill her up on barley water or use Mae as a wet nurse - She has twice as much as she needs and it comes in pretty handy for us. Gee, it would be the tragedy of my young life if I couldn't nurse my baby. I have been drinking quarts of milk and Doug is giving me placental extract tablets by the dozen. I really don't make hardly any <sup>milk</sup> without them. I lay in bed and worry about it and of course that only helps hinder.

Monday noon.

Well, I sounded low in my mind when I wrote that last paragraph. I feel better today after being absolutely quiet and careful for a couple days. I didn't realize the need of going easy and I was going up & down stairs and carrying the baby and doing heavy lifting like that - which was not necessary. Phyllis has

been almost too good. We are giving her  
Mae's milk about every third feeding and  
she goes to sleep the minute she gets  
her tummy full and we don't have  
any chance to enjoy her except when  
she has her bath. Sally was wishing  
this morning that she would wake up  
& cry just to relieve the monotony.  
You didn't hear any such wishes  
last week but I fear most of her  
crying was on account of being hungry  
and we didn't realize it. Poor little  
kid. She doesn't weigh more than a  
pound above her original  $7\frac{1}{2}$ . but even  
at that her face has filled out a lot  
and she is too sweet for words when  
she grins. Her eyes and forehead look  
just like Bone's baby pictures. Wish  
her hair had his kink. But then I

Rh. William Douglas Copron 1952 —

↓  
Dr. Douglas C. Copron <sup>Sept 13,</sup> 1928 —

↓  
Dr. Douglas S. Copron 1894-1976 (82 ym old)

↓  
Dr. William Copron (1861-1925) (64 ym old)  
married Anne Douglas of Strathroy, Ontario

↓  
Joseph Edward Copron (1811-1894) 83 ym  
wife Mary Ann died 1853 leaving 5 children

↓  
Edward Copron (Born in France 1785.)  
married to a woman came from France  
to Acadia (Nova Scotia) in 1805.

↓  
?

Roman's ID



# HOTEL ST. REGIS

CORNER SEYMOUR AND DUNSMUIR

VANCOUVER, B.C., Sept. 6, 1923

Dear Dad,

We had a very comfortable trip to Vancouver. The baby was even better than at home and neither Grace nor I were very tired when we arrived. We had a good night's sleep after a bath and washing out 18 dipes.

Our baggage goes on board O.K. without inspection under bond.

Today the C.P. steamer Empress of Russia will clear for the Orient with about



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CORNER SEYMOUR AND DUNSMUIR

VANCOUVER, B. C., ..... 192 .....

350 passengers and one of the largest cargoes in her hold that this ship has ever moved westward with.

Besides the ship's regular freight which has been stowed with particular care to give as much space as possible there will be a large shipment of supplies for the people of Japan. Seldom has a ship left this port going to the Orient that has created as much interest as the big liner which will sail today.

I'm mighty glad we

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CORNER SEYMOUR AND DUNSMUIR

VANCOUVER, B. C., ..... 192.....

are booked for this particular ship. We no doubt have many very interesting experiences ahead of us before we reach China.

At Seattle, we found Mae, Roy, & Margery Ann waiting for us; but Bernice & John had not yet arrived. They came in a half hour later telling of engine trouble all the way from Yakima to Ellensburg, where they



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VANCOUVER, B. C., ..... 192.....

had been held up until about 10 A.M. We took pictures on the parking strip at the depot before our train pulled out.

I believe it was harder for me to say good bye to you than to mother. Perhaps because you said less. But everything is running so smoothly that we will all be the happier because we are now foregoing the

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CORNER SEYMOUR AND DUNSMUIR

VANCOUVER, B. C., ..... 192 .....

pleasures of the companionship we might be having together.

I am not writing to mama, so you may forward this letter to her when she gets to Mae's.

Will write you again at the first opportunity.

Lovingly,  
Douglas.





CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS, LIMITED

R. M. S. "EMPERESS OF RUSSIA"

Vancouver, B.C.,  
Sept. 6, 1923.


Dear Dad,

The boat is held up until 4 o'clock this afternoon for loading food for Japan.

We have had dinner, and had to watch ourselves to keep from eating so much that we might get seasick; for everything was so good.

We have a very, very comfortable cabin. It has two beds (lower + upper deck) and another cot, which we use as



  
a couch and to set the baby's basket on. Then there is a clothes-closet about half the size of the one in my room there, two wash stands and running water in the room. We have lots of room for both our wardrobe and steamer trunks and will have both with us. We are about five steps from the men's lavatory & bath and ten steps from the women's. It is an outside room with 2 ft x 2 1/2 ft - window looking

out over the deck and water.

Everything is elegant and all that comfort could desire.

I found three letters and a telegram waiting for me at the ship's office. The telegram was from Mr. Turner wishing a Bon Voyage. One letter was from Stephen Covey with the same wishes.

I got visas at the Japanese Consulate here giving us permission



to leave the ship at  
Yokohama. Otherwise we  
would have been held  
on board ship while  
at that port.

The Christian Church  
preacher here, C.V. Stainsby,  
was at the boat to see  
us off; also two or three  
women.

Am going up town now  
to get some change for tips  
before we leave.

Love,

Douglas.



CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS, LIMITED

R. M. S. "EMPEROR OF RUSSIA"

[This should have  
been mailed at  
Trobe but was misplaced.]

Sept. 14, 1923.

Dear Dad,

We have been getting  
along "Topping" as the Englishmen  
on this ship would say. Just  
two mornings we were dizzy  
when we arose but with  
the aid of nitroglycerine we  
were able to risk going to  
breakfast, and felt  
"Jolly well alright" the  
rest of the day. Phyllis  
never was healthier or  
happier in her short  
life. No heart to bother her.



and she has an hour's nap  
out on deck, in her barouche  
twice daily. We have her  
trained now to sleep when  
we leave for meals. The  
only time she cries real  
hard is when we are  
around and she wants  
attention or something  
to eat. It's comical to  
see her break forth into  
a smile in the midst of  
an ear-splitting cry,  
as soon as she is taken  
up.

Now we leave for meals

while she is still crying  
(if she is crying) and as soon  
as we turn out the lights  
and leave the cabin she  
stops crying, scolds a bit  
and is quiet. We always  
find her asleep when  
we return.

The fifth day out we  
were within sight of the  
Aleutian Is. (off the Alaskan  
Penn.) and in the coldest  
part of the Pacific. The sea  
was very rough too, and  
the bow dived into the



waves almost constantly,  
shipping much of the  
sea. Grace and I enjoyed  
it all immensely and  
spent a greater part  
of the day back of the  
protection of windows on  
the upper decks, where  
we had the tettering sensation  
as the ship bobbed up and  
down and could see the  
bow dive into the waves  
and the spray dash  
high into the air.

I have sighted five  
whales so far this





CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS, LIMITED

R. M. S. "EMPERESS OF RUSSIA"

trip. Yesterday two of them, for they go in pairs, were about 100 yards off our starboard when I first saw them, and called to Grace. We watched them for about 15 minutes. First you see a three-foot spout of water. Then a huge, blunt head comes to the surface (for air). Then he dives and you see the flip of his tail. In a few minutes the process is repeated.



We are now nearing Japan, the surface is smooth as glass, tho the boat is rocked by great swells. We have been in a fog all day long. We won't touch at Yokohama because of the Cholera and the uncertainty of the harbor but go on a day farther to Kobe, Japan.

Jascha Heifetz, the great ~~violinist~~ violinist, one of whose records we have, is on

board this ship; and this evening gave a concert for the Japanese Relief Fund. By subscription, \$1000<sup>00</sup> was raised, he giving \$100<sup>00</sup> himself. We certainly were fortunate in being able to enjoy this treat. There are lots of good things coming our way.

Every morning at breakfast we have radiogram press items to read, so we are by no means shut off from the happen-



ings of the rest of the world.

We are getting plenty  
of exercise with deck-  
tennis, quoits, and  
shuffle-board; and  
are eating off of the "fat of  
the water." Duckling, chicken,  
squab, steaks, and  
everything going with  
it all pressed up and  
camouflaged (or any other  
spelling you wish) with  
French names.  
More later.  
Love  
D. Douglas.